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LONDON: CRAMER, BEALE AND WOOD,  
201 REGENT STREET, W.

**M. SAINTON** begs to announce that he will **ARRIVE** in London for the winter season on the 18th of November. All communications respecting pupils and engagements to be addressed to his residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**MAD. SAINTON-DOLBY** begs to announce that she will **RETURN** to town for the winter season on the 18th of November. All communications respecting pupils and engagements to be addressed to her residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**M. OLE BULL** begs to announce that he has **RETURNED** to England, and will commence his tournee in England, Scotland, and Ireland, on Monday, November 4th.

**HERR REICHARDT** begs to announce his **ARRIVAL** in town. All communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to him, Thurlow Cottage, Thurlow Square, Brompton, S. W.

**MR. WILBYE COOPER** begs to inform his friends and the public that he has **RETURNED** from the Continent for the Season. Letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts, address 24 Victoria Terrace, Westbourne Grove, W.

**Mlle. LANCIA** will sing "A Thousand Miles from Thee," the popular new song, composed expressly for her by Frank Mori, at the Saturday Evening Concerts, Glasgow, October 26th.

**Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA'S** New Song, "A thousand miles from thee," composed by Frank Mori, sung by Mlle. Lancia, and enthusiastically encored every evening at Alfred Mellon's Concerts, at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, and at the Crystal Palace Concerts, is published, price 2s. 6d., by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

The *Morning Post*, speaking of the first appearance of Mlle. Lancia at the Crystal Palace Concerts, says, "Mlle. Lancia made an exceedingly favourable impression." "Criticism owes a word of praise to Mr. Mori's graceful and very expressive ballad, 'A thousand miles from thee.' The composer has not, we think, appealed so successfully to the popular taste since he produced his 'Who shall be fairest?' which barrel-organs have rendered so familiar to the town."

The *Morning Chronicle*, alluding to the same song, writes, "Mlle. Lancia gave Mr. Frank Mori's new and highly captivating ballad, 'A thousand miles from thee'—composed expressly for her—with a fervour of sentiment and refinement of expression, which demonstrated that she sings from the heart."

**MR. RICHARD SEYMOUR** will sing George Loder's new song, "In a leafy Garden," at the Crystal Palace Concert, this day.

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SIMS REEVES'S  
GREAT SONG,  
"FRESH AS A ROSE,"

THE POETRY BY  
JESSICA RANKIN,  
THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR  
SIMS REEVES

BY  
M. W. BALFE.

Price 3s.

MISS JESSICA RANKIN'S Poetry is as "fresh" as Mr. BALFE'S Music, and deserves quoting:—

"Fresh as a rose, when her leaves are all spangled  
With dew-drops, that glitter like jewels of light;  
Bright as the morn, when her first rosy blushes  
Scatter the darkness and gloom of the night;  
Fair as a lily, whose delicate beauty  
Rivals the rose in her exquisite grace;  
But brighter, and fairer, and dearer than all,  
Is the love-light that beams in thy beautiful face."

Mr. SIMS REEVES first introduced this charming little Song (a companion to "The days that are no more") at the concerts in St. James's Hall, and has since sung it at the BIRMINGHAM and HERFORD MUSICAL FESTIVALS. Whenever sung, it has been rapturously applauded, and enthusiastically encored.

Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co. have the pleasure to announce that M. EMILE BERGER has transcribed, in the same popular style that he did Mr. SIMS REEVES'S last new Song, "I love YOU"—

"FRESH AS A ROSE,"  
FOR THE PIANOFORTE—Price 3s.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY  
DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO., 244 REGENT STREET, W.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S  
NEW SONG,  
"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE,"

THE POETRY BY:  
TENNYSON,  
THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR  
MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY

BY  
JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Price 3s.

"WHO does not know the Poet Laureate's exquisite lines, beginning—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

That M. Blumenthal, though a Dutchman, loves the poetry of Tennyson, may be gathered from the true sympathetic manner in which he has set his beautiful verses to music. The popularity of this little song is already attested.—*Musical World*.

Since the above was written, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY has introduced "The days that are no more," both at the BIRMINGHAM and HERFORD MUSICAL FESTIVALS, with immense success; and the assertion of the *Musical World*, that "the popularity of this little song is already attested," is fully borne out.

Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co. have the pleasure to announce that M. BLUMENTHAL has transcribed, in his usual elegant style,

"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE,"  
FOR THE PIANOFORTE—Price 3s.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY  
DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO., 244 REGENT STREET, W.

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"THE LADY OF THE LEA" Song, sung by  
MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY, the Poetry by W. H. BELLAMY, the  
Music Composed by HENRY SMART.  
London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC by A. TALEXY:  
"Chant d'adieu," Mélodie, price 3s. 6d.; "Champs fleuris," Réverie, price  
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London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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"ELAINE'S SONG," from TENNYSON'S "Idylls of the  
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Just Published, Price 2s. 6d.  
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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" Romance. Sung  
by SIGNOR GARDONI. The Poetry by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.  
The Music by J. ASCHER.  
London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published, Price 3s.  
HOME, SWEET HOME.  
Transcribed for the Pianoforte by EMANUEL AGUILAR.  
London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W., where the following com-  
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"Dream-dance" (Op. 27, No. 1) ... .. 3s.  
"Weber's Last Waltz," transcribed ... .. 3s.

Just Published, Price 2s.  
SELF DECEPTION (Selbst Betrug),  
Volklied. People's Song for Voice and Piano.  
The Poetry by GOETHE. The Music by ADRIAN. The English Version by  
JOHN DWIGHT.  
London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published,  
THREE SACRED CHORUSES, Composed by G.  
ROSSINI: No. 1, "Faith" (La Fede—La Foi), price 3s.; 2, "Hope" (La  
Speranza—L'Espérance), price 3s.; 3, "Charity" (La Carità—La Charité), price 3s.  
Transcribed for the ORGAN by HENRY SMART.  
London: Duncan Davison and Co.,  
Dépôt Général de la Maison Brandus, de Paris, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
Argyll Street,  
Where may be obtained FUGUE in E minor (from Handel's "LESSONS") for the  
ORGAN, price 3s. Composed by HENRY SMART. Also, INTRODUCTION and  
FUGUE for the ORGAN, composed by Dr. JAMES PECH. Price 3s.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER'S SONGS,  
"If I could change as others change" (Balfé), 2s. 6d.; "The Fairy's  
Whisper" (Henry Smart), 2s. 6d. Composed expressly for, and sung by Madame  
Laura Baxter (both nightly encored) at ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS,  
in the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, are published by Duncan Davison  
and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, under the Direction  
of Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Season 1861-2. The Subscriptions for the season  
are now due—two guineas, one guinea, 15s., and 10s. 6d.  
Full particulars on application at the Offices, 14 and 15 Exeter Hall.  
WM. HAMMOND, Secretary.

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—A letter from Venice, published  
in a Trieste journal, says that a professional musician of that  
place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no  
precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a  
baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo,  
when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly, in an  
adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's *aria* out  
of *Ernani*. That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the  
well-known "Lo vedremo o veglio audace." The listener was still  
lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices, when a high  
ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang, with great range of  
voice, Edgar's closing air in *Lucia*. The delighted professor  
could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining  
room to thank the gifted trio, when, to his astonishment, he  
found the apartment occupied only by one young man, who de-  
clared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it  
proved that he spoke the truth, and that the singer possessed the  
extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and  
beautiful chest notes. It is thought possible that the professor  
may persuade this Cressus of voices, who is the son of well-to-do  
burgesses, to devote himself to the stage.—(*Fudge*.)

## MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 24.

Congratulate your correspondent, and pat him editorially on the head; for, if his warlike tastes do not lead him to the field of deadly strife, and his sense of duty urge him fearlessly within the whiff and whiz of shell, shot, and bullet, he has his perils and his hardships to encounter in your service, which, though all metaphysical, or, at any rate, not menacing actual death or maim to the body, are fraught with tortures to his delicately strung sensibility, framed to catch the lightest influences of the beautiful, and to throb harmoniously at its full presence; but which the bad and faulty, the ugly and imperfect, throw into an ecstasy of suffering in which the soul faints and dies, like the coward's, a thousand deaths. Congratulate me, then, for have I not stood in the imminent deadly breach, and dared the horrors of that battery of sad sensations called *Pierre de Medicis*, directed by Prince Poniatowski, eminent in the art of offence, skilled in wounding the spirit? Well, since it had to be undergone, as I said in my last, better to have it over at once than suffer the continued tremors of this sword of Damocles. It has dropt upon us at last; we have felt its sharpest edge, but we still live *tant bien que mal*. I am not going to inflict any lengthened notice of this performance upon you, uselessly reviving my sufferings, without contributing to your edification. Let me only say that M. Faure, the excellent William Tell, and almost excellent Don Giovanni, of your last Italian Opera season, had to make his *début* in the part of Julian de Medicis, in this tedious work. The part is quite unworthy of his powers, and indeed is not one calculated at all for a singer of first rank. for it contains but one duo and one air. The concerted pieces go for nothing. I told you before, some modifications had been introduced in the *dénouement* of the opera, rendering it less gloomy and repulsive. This has necessitated a new finale, which is quite equal to all the rest of the opera, neither rising nor falling below the dead level of commonplace. The ballet called "*Les Amours de Diane*," which has always accompanied *Pierre de Medicis*, has been retained, but neither lends nor borrows grace from its leaden setting, notwithstanding the efforts of Mad. Ferraris.

At the Italian Theatre we had the first appearance this season of Signor Mario, who has sung in *Il Barbiere* and eke in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. To myself, and to all else with whom I have compared impressions, this artist's voice appears to have wonderfully recovered much of that youthful freshness which his person and deportment have so steadily retained, while the capricious organ which in its periods of thorough efficiency placed its possessor first perhaps among all tenors, actual or historical, has passed through every phase of decadence, even to downright decrepitude, and anon recovered as by some potent charm, or the exhaustion of some withering poison. Latterly, however, the clouds which had drifted across the brilliant luminary had become so frequent and untransparent that its permanent eclipse seemed imminent. The joy of the public, and of the critics especially, whose painful task it is to note, like astronomers, with rigid accuracy the declension or oscillation of these admired stars, who do not bear the operation of science so philosophically as their celestial prototypes—the joy of all, I say, was the greater, therefore, to find Signor Mario's voice in the recovered possession of so phenomenal a share of the attributes of its prime. The vocal sickness of the great tenor has this time no convalescence, but jumps at once to elastic health. In a beehive of imaginary silliness we drink to its preservation—may it yet continue for many years the even tenor of its course. I borrow this pun from a contributor to *Punch*, who shall be nameless, but, as it is the only one he ever uttered I was able to see a glimmer of intention in, I embalm the unique specimen in the perfumed and limpid amber of these epistles. Let him be grateful and not attempt this form of jocosity in future. I distinctly do not allude to Shirley Brooks, who to my knowledge has made as many as seventeen successful puns—one unpublished from its objectionable character, and three jingles, harmless, but happy, and who has only publicly failed once, which is in the title he has given to his last most excellent novel, *The Silver Cord*. I confess I do not take, nor does any one enlighten me whom I have had the good fortune to meet. Why Silver Cord? *Pourquoi? Comment? qu'est ce? Je n'y suis plus!* If he must have a playful title—

they are in fashion with the fantastic jackanapes who write popular books now-a-days—let us have a wee glimpse of relevancy in it. Except that cords and eke silver cords may be mentioned under the head of musical matters, there is as little justification, I confess, for any allusion to S. B. and his book as there is in the book itself for its absurd name. I therefore apologise and resume the silver cord—I beg pardon again—the golden thread of my discourse. Signor Beneventano, who, by the omission of a lost slip from my last letter, escaped as thorough a dressing as any one of his thin-skinned profession ever smarted under, must again, I regret, be put on the block of penal discipline. Justice must have its course, and there shall be no (lost) slip this time betwixt his devoted lips and the poisoned chalice which the even-handed dame recommends to those who have abused her righteous law. "Macbeth doth murder sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!" Would we could parody the stern decree and say, "Beneventano doth murder song; Benny shall sing no more." Well, but he does not, some will say, in an honest sense of the word. No more he does, or the owl shall sing the nightingale into an ivy bush. *Canis latrat*, as we used to say in the Latin exercise book,—the dog barks! He was the Figaro to Signor Mario's Count Almaviva. Poor, light, merry, busy, frisky smoother of Sevillian chins, and plotter of Sevillian intrigues! poor Figaro, to see thee, tricky barber! thus transmogrified into the most melancholy and lymphatic of hair-dressers. Figaro here! Figaro there! but Figaro is anywhere but at the Italian Opera of Paris at this present moment. In the *Ballo in Maschera* the part of Renato, the Ankerstrom of the French *Gustave*, was played by Signor Delle Sedie. The original representative of the character here was Signor Graziani, and I shall do no injustice to the latter, or unduly flatter the former, if I boldly establish a comparison between them. If Signor Graziani excel in the resonant quality of his voice, Signor Delle Sedie, on the other hand, is pre-eminent for his power of expression, his softness and smoothness of tone, and the delicacy of his light and shade. Signor Graziani, in some degree, revelled too freely in the merely physical beauty of his voice, the tones of which seemed to issue forth spontaneously in native excellence. Signor Delle Sedie, whose voice has not the same power, never loses control over it, and gives to each note, with delicate care, its exact value and intention. In the last act this conscientious and most intelligent artist rose to the highest point in the perfection of his execution, as well as in the appreciation of his audience, who warmly and frequently applauded him, and demanded his air "*Della vita*" a second time.

Mlle. Rosario Zapater—how does this name look for a four-foot poster? One gifted with the second sight might inform us; for his gaze would pierce through the veil of futurity, and see the walls of London and Paris in some not distant future year, placarded with this remarkable, if not very euphonious, assemblage of pre- and cog-nomen, as a summons to the public to come and listen to one of the most sweet and winning songstresses that have ever called down upon themselves the golden showers of Jupiter Populus.\* At present the lady who bears this name is scarcely seventeen, but already her beautiful voice, and the power and ability with which she wields it, have attracted the attention of those judges who have had the privilege of hearing her. She is a Spaniard, and her musical education thus far has been entrusted to M. de Valdemora, of whom, though by some of the notices in the papers here, he would seem to be well known, I can only say that he is singing-master to the Queen of Spain, and director of the court concerts at Madrid. It may be that not to know Valdemora argues oneself unknown; if so your

\* I think I was led to this flight by the resemblance of the name Zapater to Zeus Pater. A stricter etymology will bring us down, however, from the King of Olympus to a cobbler—the Castilian for a botcher of shoe leather being Zapatero. Let not the future *prima donna* be ashamed of the descent thus blazoned in her patronymic. Philosophers and metaphysicians, minstrels and mystic religionists, have been furnished to the world out of the humble craft to which some one of her ancestors probably belonged, as though to give the lie to the impertinent dictum, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*." Why, then, should not the inmate of a cobbler's stall give birth to one destined to fill other and brighter, and more profitable stalls? I say why? Echo answers "Gye!"



correspondent is the obscurest of mortals. But to this illustrious unknown's pupil, whose fame, let us trust, will be somewhat more generally acknowledged, or the promise she now gives must woefully deceive. Mlle. Rosario Zapater sang the other evening before a private assembly of amateurs and critics, and a select portion of the general public at the private residence of M. George Kastner. M. Ambrosie Thomas, the composer, accompanied her, or as they say here, held the piano. The first aria from *Lucia*, "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, and the air from the *Traviata*, were executed by this budding cantatrice in a manner to astonish, no less than delight, the most critical of her hearers.

I am a great believer in the virtue of blood and race, and a *début* which has just taken place at the Odéon is most flattering to my convictions on this point. That branch of the seed of Abraham which so grandly blossomed forth—like the aloe, the flower of the century—in Rachel Felix, has put forth another bud, which if less—much less imposing in place and attributes—is nevertheless passing sweet and fragrant. Dinah Felix—the female Benjamin of the family—is the smartest, most plain spoken, and pungent of soubrettes Molière's heart would have desired. Her Toinette in the *Malade Imaginaire* is a masterpiece of the true old *verve gauloise*. Another *début* at the Vaudeville has not proved so happy. Mlle. Juliette Beau, who has just made her first appearance in a comedy written expressly for her, and in which she plays a widow of great personal attractions, has but one marked qualification for her employment—beauty. The public is much obliged to her for taking the trouble to be so handsome, but would be infinitely more grateful if she bestowed equal pains, and with equal success, in trying to be an actress. If ever there was an opportunity of saying "beau" to a goose, Mlle. Juliette Beau's combined name, personal appearance, and mental capacity present it emphatically.

Well, the *Colleen Bawn* has dived into the British Channel, and has been fished up again by M. Dennerly conjointly with Mr. Dion Boucicault, and presented to the world as the most attractive wonder of the day in a Parisian *Vivarium*, called *Le Lac de Glenaston*. The original has been a little altered, but its merits still depend on the stage effect of the second act, and the combined results of gas and gauze therein so ingeniously exhibited, promise to attract the same crowded audiences here as they have in England. As you must have been surfeited with the subject *ad nauseam*, let me only remark that the honourable example set by M. de Chilly, the manager of the Ambigu, deserves to be followed, nay ought, for the character of England, to be strictly imitated by our own managers. Instead of filching the successful English drama, and putting it on his own stage without a "by your leave," or "with your leave," M. de Chilly put himself into relation with the author, and associating him with a French dramatist for the work of adaptation, has made him participate in the profits of the success which is likely to attend it. Luckiest of lucky men art thou to be the first, Dion Boucicault, to profit by the example of fair dealing set us on the other side of the channel!

I had a few odds and ends of stray news to send you, but reserve them, or at least such as will keep sweet, till my next, for I have but time to catch the post.

#### THE MISSING SLIP.

\* \* "impresses one with the idea of antiquity more than the oldest mummy in the British Museum. Figaro will be active and vigorous when Spain, under the title of *Provinces Ibériennes*, shall form a part of the great Gallic Empire of Napoleon XV., and this poor jolly postboy seems an apparition from the tomb of all the Capulets. And thereby hangs a tale.

"The Salle Ventadour, as the Italian Opera House of Paris is called, claims a few words, and then I have done with the theatres. To the *Matrimonio Segreto*, with which the season commenced, has succeeded in turn *La Scmambula* and *Semiramide*. In the first, Mlle. Battu as Amina gave tokens of being on the road towards a more vigorous dra-

matic style, and this alone is necessary to complete her claims to the rank of an artist of the highest rank. In the same opera Signor Tagliafico renewed his acquaintance with his countrymen, by whom he was received with every flattering mark of appreciation. With Mads. Alboni and Penco, *Semiramide* could not fare very ill, and would have fared better but for the untoward casting of Assur to Signor Beneventano. Beneventano, whatever that may mean, he may be, perhaps, but 'Benvenuto' certainly not, as all will readily agree, who may remember this bass baritone's engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, where he barked like a watchdog from 1856 to 1858, but alas! did not scare the wolf from poor Lumley's door. So long as this artist (?) remains with M. Calzado, let him, after " \* \* \*

#### DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(Written expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD and DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)

It appears from my next notice, that Dussek entered the service of a Prince von Isenburg—but who he was deponent cannot say—though only for a short time. The citation is from the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, Sept. 2, 1807.

"Herr Dussek has resigned his situation with the Prince von Isenburg, has entered the service of the Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand), and will remain henceforth in Paris."

Again, *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, June 21, 1809, from a letter dated "Paris, end of May." The writer is describing a concert given by Rode, after his return from Russia—probably the concert in the Odéon, towards the close of the year 1808—and having finished Rode, goes on:—

"Dussek, one of the creators of the true style of pianoforte-playing, and now for nearly a year again in Paris, made his appearance the same evening, and carried away all his auditors, who appeared to have come for the sole purpose of hearing Rode. It is a very rare thing to hear two such noble artists upon one evening. Dussek had all the greater success, since for a long time no really great pianist had been heard. The pianoforte is just that instrument whose highest development is the least to be sought for in France. Steibelt has introduced here an abominable style of playing; a style which is ruinous to the true effects of the instrument, and which to every connoisseur must seem insignificant, however attractive to the mass of ordinary dilettanti. One of the leading weaknesses of this style, is the abuse of variations for the instrument. All pianoforte teachers in France, and especially in Paris, imitate Steibelt's manner, and enrich it with new faults. And so they have laid aside the good music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi, Cramer, Dussek and Hummel, and thrown themselves, soul and body, into the charlatanism and insignificance of style which are the ruling qualities of Steibelt and most of his works. In Germany it must be impossible to form any adequate idea of the disgusting manner in which, to conform to the prevailing fashion, one must now play the pianoforte in Paris.

"It was therefore most desirable that a man like Dussek should come here and act as a reformer, and so bring the pianoforte back to its natural aims and ends, to its real greatness and its true sphere. Even in this first concert, Dussek effected much to this end, for he proved that success may be gained by combining sterling qualities with simplicity and sweetness; that there is no necessity for the sing-song and petty trickery by which those wanting in real talent attract attention."

Again, in a letter dated Paris, December 18th, 1809,—"Herr Dussek is in the service of M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. He appears to be treated in a very distinguished manner, and enjoys a respectable salary."—(*Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, January 3, 1810.)

Again, "Dussek has written a magnificent grand mass in which he has not only proved himself to be a master in church music, but more particularly a great contrapuntist. He sent this work some time since to Vienna, to Prince Esterhazy, and it is strange that it not only has not been performed, but no notice at all has been taken of it."—(*Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, November 6, 1811.)

A few months later (April 15, 1812) the same journal prints a letter from its Paris correspondent, announcing Dussek's death.

"Paris, March 21, 1812. — I am hardly able to-day to report, even in the fewest words, the little, in relation to the theatres here, which can interest the German reader, for I have just been surprised by sad news, which must grieve every true friend of music, but which strikes to the very heart of myself, and all those who personally knew him to whom this news refers.

"Your excellent, worthy and celebrated countryman, J. L. Dussek, is no more! Yesterday morning at six o'clock, in the full vigour of manhood's best years, he closed a career, which, through the ever more thorough culture, development, and solid strength of his great talents and his astonishing industry, had not yet reached its culminating point. He had been rather unwell for some months, but was confined to his bed only two days; his disease was gout, which suddenly attacked his brain, and in less than two hours carried him off. Since it was fated him to die now, it was certainly a blessing, that his excessively active, energetic spirit was not subjected to the trials of a long illness; a blessing to his warmly sensitive, affectionate heart, that he could breathe his last in the arms of his faithful friend and countryman, your noble Neukomm.

"His last work was another set of three sonatas for pianoforte, violin and violoncello — the last of which was finished only to the middle of the adagio.

"There is no necessity of discoursing farther here about Dussek, the man of genius, the richly endowed and solidly trained artist; the entire musical world knew, honoured, loved him; his character as an artist and the characteristics of his principal works have been often enough treated in your columns with intelligence, impartiality and truth. On one point only will I say a word; that Dussek has done perhaps nearly as much as Haydn, and certainly not less than Mozart, to make German music known and respected in other lands. His earlier residence in London, and his later in Paris, have in this regard been of very great influence. As a virtuoso he is everywhere rightly placed in the very highest rank. In rapidity and certainty of execution, and in the conquering of the greatest difficulties, it would be difficult to find a pianist who surpassed him; — in neatness, cleanness and precision possibly one (Cramer of London); — in soul, expression and delicacy certainly no one. As a man he was noble and good; a just, impartial, kindly man; a true friend, sympathising with all the good and beautiful in those whom he knew, with no revengeful spirit against the bad which he met with, and from which he suffered. His weaknesses were such as are inseparable from so overpowerful an imagination and such extreme sensitiveness — such being their origin, they can easily be forgiven. Moreover, through native strength of mind and his frequent and intimate intercourse with the most distinguished persons in the highest classes of society — as with Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia — he had gained a vast mass of general information of all kinds, highly polished manners, and great tact for all that is proper and attractive in society; while his joyousness of disposition, his liberality of sentiment, and his freedom from prejudice, made these advantages of singular advantage to him, especially with musicians. His father and first instructor is still living at Czeslau (upon his later and higher development Clementi exerted a powerful influence so long as he — Dussek — was in London); a brother, also a fine pianist, and author of many favourite works, is living in Milan; and a sister, possessed of similar high qualities, is in London, where she is married, to a certain Mr. Cianchetti.

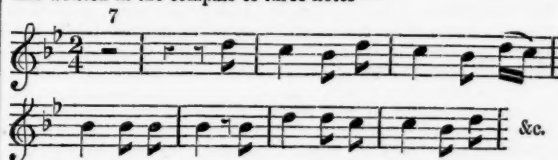
"In his early years Dussek's life was one of struggle; at a later period, when his merit was acknowledged, friendship, successful labour and advantageous position made it for the most part easy and pleasant. In this latter period, he, in perhaps but a single instance, met with a deep and lasting sorrow — and this was when his patron and pupil (in composition and pianoforte playing) Prince Louis — whom it is well known he followed to the field of battle near Jena — was torn from him by death under such painful circumstances."

As to Dussek's works their general character has been sufficiently denoted in the foregoing passages from contemporary writers; their number it might, perhaps, be difficult to determine exactly. The highest *opus*-number which I have seen is 77, —

but this gives a very imperfect idea of the quantity of his compositions, since in those days it was not the custom to call a page or two of runs, passages and trills, confounding some poor, little innocent, common melody, an *opus* — this term being often made to include three or more important compositions, as Beethoven's *six* quartets, Op. 18.

Whether all the works of Dussek from 1 to 77 were published does not appear from my authorities. In March 1813 (see *Intelligenz Blatt*, No. 4 of the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, vol. xv.) Breitkopf and Härtel print a long advertisement announcing "a complete edition" of the composer's works; but it appears in the course of the advertisement that the edition is to consist of only the more important (*bedeutendere*) — but whether this design was ever carried into effect, I have not determined.

In the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, vol. ix. may be seen a song by him written in the compass of three notes —



and a canon for four voices to the words "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ich merke wohl an euren werthen Nasen, dass ich mit hübschen Phrasen, das Ohr auch kitzeln soll."

Gerber says, in the *New Lexicon*, "besides the list of pianoforte works, which I have given in the other *Lexicon*, he has from 1788 to 1790, that is in a space of less than eleven years, made public so many proofs of his talents and industry, and given employment to so many presses, that the mere task of reducing them to order, and bringing them into a correct catalogue, would demand almost as much care and far more patience than the author seems to have expended upon their composition; for a great portion of them seem to belong to a certain class of manufactured wares, such as are usually sold by the dozen. Whoever knows the two concertos, Ops. 15 and 17, published at Offenbach, will not exempt even them entirely from this charge, nor can the most of his works be declared free from errors in counterpoint." But Gerber, it will be noticed, is speaking of the works of the popular pianist — not of the Dussek of the "Adieux à Clementi," "Élégie Harmonique," "Le Retour à Paris," "L'Invocation," and those truly grand compositions of his last years.

Diabacz informs us, that while a young organist, he composed much for the church. He says, "those musical compositions, which he wrote for church choirs, are still in manuscript; and for the most part preserved in the Church of St. Barbara in Kutenberg, and in the Decanal Church in Czeslau." But this was in 1815 — still they may lie there yet. Such are the principal notices, which have come under my observation in German authorities, of the great Dussek.

(To be concluded in our next).

#### LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.\*

No. 5.

(See *MUSICAL WORLD*, Oct. 19.)

London, July 16.

HAD I come here unconvinced either of the existence of an uncommonly wide-spread and real love for good music in London, or of the possibility of making "classical" music "popular," a single occasion, such as I am about to describe, would have removed all doubt upon the subject. The only regret is, that I can speak only of the *last* of the so-called "Monday Popular Concerts;" for having heard the last, one would gladly summon up before him the whole series, now stretching back through three seasons, from Feb. 1859 to July 1, 1861, between which dates no less than *sixty-four* concerts have been given in St. James's Hall, with programmes of the most classical character, without an orchestra, but with first-class performers — really artists, and such only — and never failing to secure the strict attention and unfeigned delight

\* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.

of a very mixed and numerous audience. So I am told, and what I have just witnessed makes it easy to believe. They are called "popular," because they are made accessible to the general mass of music-lovers, and not, like most London concerts of the higher order, only to the wealthy and the few — although you would perhaps be astonished to see how many and how constant are those "few" who frequent fashionable operas and concerts to the tune of a guinea for a seat! The "Monday Popular" are cheap — for London; that is, there is a liberal allowance of room for unreserved seats, and not bad seats, at the one shilling price, while the more favoured places range from three to five shillings. For most of the oratorios and higher kind of concerts the minimum price of admission is three shillings, and the maximum half a guinea, and in many cases a guinea. So that these concerts are "popular" in the sense of comparatively cheap. That they are so in character as well, was a matter of conviction and experiment on the part of the enterprising director (Mr. S. Arthur Chappell), until their remarkable success rewarded the experiment and proved the conviction sound. The Director, in thanking the public at the end of his third season, says:—

"Till very recently, a string quartet or a pianoforte sonata, played by first-class artists, was a luxury reserved for the enjoyment of a few, and regarded, on the other hand, as something inevitably *caviare* to the multitude. The Monday Popular Concerts, however, were originated with the firm conviction that the quintets, quartets, trios, sonatas, solo and concerted, &c., of the great masters, would be listened by the general public with decorous attention; that the oftener they were heard the better they would be liked; and that every composer, from the profound Beethoven, the elaborate Bach, the genial Handel, the earnest Mendelssohn, the elegant Spohr, and the universal Mozart, to the light and cheerful Haydn, would find admirers. The result has demonstrated that a faith in the readiness and ability of the public to appreciate the highest manifestations of artistic beauty was thoroughly justified."

And one of the leading journals says what is simply true and reasonable in the following extract:—

"The epithet 'popular,' as applied to a performance of music, no longer means something adapted to an uneducated and unrefined taste — something in which the high and classic productions of the art are eschewed, as being calculated to weary the audience. At some of our popular concerts, the customary fare is fit for the palate of the most fastidious amateur. And, far from being neglected on this account, such concerts flourish more and more. Such is the case with the Monday Popular Concerts, given every week during the season at St. James's Hall. At first we had some suspicion of the reality of the musical taste shown at these concerts. When we heard pieces of great length, highly complicated, such as we always believed to be *caviare* to the general, not only attentively listened to, but applauded with enthusiasm, we could not help thinking there must be some affectation at bottom, and that people would tire of pretending to be delighted with things they did not understand! But time has shown that this was a mistake. These concerts, successful the first season, are still more successful the second. They are even improved in quality; an inferior piece is never admitted into the programmes, nor is an inferior performer employed. Yet the spacious hall is every night crowded to the doors by persons in the habit of frequenting cheap entertainments; and no assembly of *cognoscenti* could show a sounder or more discriminating taste. The consequence is, that the Monday Popular Concerts are now attended by the most musical people in London."—*Spectator*.

In confirmation of all this, I certainly must testify, with regard to the last concert (July 1), that the hall was filled (though not to overflowing — for overflow, thank decency, is not allowed in Europe, neither in concerts nor conveyances, in theatres nor railway trains, in oratorios nor omnibuses); that the company appeared composed equally of the wealthier patrons of music and of the music-lovers of more modest rank, who have not much to spend; that all listened most attentively, and looked intelligent, applauding warmly what was really best; a well-pleased, sympathetic, encouraging audience, and yet, in large part, not ignorantly pleased, but musically experienced and critical. Whether the things performed were really "classical," whether the feast was fit for cultivated taste, whether genius played a larger part in it than hum-drum or clap-trap, the reader shall judge for himself; here is the programme:—

PART I.—Quartet, in E flat, No. 12, MM. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Beethoven.

Song, "Le Secret," Miss Banks; Schubert. Suite de Pièces, containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Miss Arabella Goddard; Handel. Song, "Pria che spunti," Mr. Sims Reeves; Cimarosa. Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, for violoncello solo, Sig. Piatti; with pianoforte accompaniment, Mr. Benedict; Bach. Song, "Name the glad day," Miss Banks; Dussek. Sonata, in G major, Op. 69, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts); Dussek.

PART II.—Quartet in D, Op. 63, MM. Wieniawski, Ries Webb, and Piatti; Haydn. Song, "Adelaide," Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard; Beethoven. Harpsichord Lessons, Mr. Charles Hallé (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts); Scarlatti. Song, "The Hunter's Song," Mr. Sims Reeves; Mendelssohn. Duet, for two pianofortes, in D major, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé; Mozart. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Not one of these choice selections but what shone by excellent performance. Especially the opening string quartet of Beethoven, the first of the five belonging to his latest period, and called, without reason, "posthumous," a work requiring true artists to seize its spirit and rightly render its design. The four interpreters could scarcely have been better. Wieniawski proved himself an admirable quartet leader; Piatti's bass was worthy of his reputation; and the middle parts were such as it is a comfort to hear. That a mixed public should be readily impressed by a symphony concert (like those of Liebig, for instance, in Berlin) is not so remarkable; a fine orchestra, by mere mass and brilliancy, by wealth and variety of tone-colour, arrests and captivates; great thoughts are greatly enforced by such large utterance; the profoundest and most complicated tone-combinations tell upon the crowd by the mere might of volume and of euphony; a symphony, too, has something dramatic and exciting in its progress. But that a violin quartet, the pure outlining of the intrinsic musical thought, with all its inmost subtleties laid bare to close attention, but not enriched by accessories of various instrumental colour, not massed into large orchestral proportions so as to arrest attention at a distance—that a quartet of such a man as Beethoven, and in his least understood and latest manner, and, stranger yet, heard for the first time by most, and played in a large hall, should be listened to with eager interest through all its movements by so large an audience, and be in fact appreciated (if attention and applause and manifest delight are any signs), is certainly a fact worth chronicling, and should give encouragement to concert-givers and societies who care for art as well as money. After Beethoven, there was no risk in venturing a quartet by "Father Haydn," whose cheerful face and easy elegance of manner, let him present himself in what form he will, are always welcome and familiar. This was one of the least well-known, and yet one of the most original and piquant of his eighty and odd quartets; and its effect on all faces was as of fresh air and sunshine.

I was much interested in the selections from Dussek, the Bohemian composer, contemporary with Mozart, who has been famous in his day, and now has his day again in England. The sonata duo was worthy to appear in the same programme with the great names, and it was elegantly rendered by both artists. The song, "Name the glad day," was much in the same style with Haydn's canzonet: "My mother bids me bind my hair," and quite as beautiful. The singer (Miss Banks) has a fresh and lovely voice, good style, and entered into the spirit of the song; and she was no less winning in the more serious and fervent melody of Schubert's song: "The Letter,"—why metamorphosed into the French "Le Secret," I know not. One of the pleasantest and most novel features of the evening was the set of "Harpsichord Lessons" by old Domenico Scarlatti, a contemporary of Bach and Handel, and a great admirer of the latter, as he knew him in his young days in Italy. They are full of difficult and graceful passage-work, a sort of delicate melodic arabesque, sparkling and lifesome, and Hallé played them to a charm; one smiled at the perfection of the thing. The union of two such pianists as Hallé and Miss Arabella Goddard, in the duet by Mozart, ensured that most satisfactory conclusion of a good feast, from which all rise with an appetite. It was in the *Suite* by Handel, containing the well-known variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," that I have had as yet the clearest instance of the pianism of Miss Goddard. I never heard it played more perfectly, perhaps never quite so well. In all



respects of facile, finished, clear, expressive execution, it was faultless. It has not been my fortune yet to hear her play Beethoven; it is in the great sonatas that she has chiefly won her laurels. The prelude and quaint old dance movements by Bach, for violoncello, were played *con amore* by Signor Piatti, and won new admiration for the happy, inexhaustible invention of the genial, learned, wonderful old master. It only remains to speak of Sims Reeves. But he was ill, and did not sing; an agreeable substitute appeared in Mr. Santley, the baritone.

The beauty of the whole thing was, that here were the best artists performing (and let us not forget among them Mr. Benedict, who was the masterly accompanist), not to exhibit themselves, but to draw attention to the great composers. If I have given more space to the record of this one concert than I have left for others equally important (the reader can imagine that he reads this part through a magnifier), it is because of the "Popular" claim, which has been so well vindicated by these Monday Concerts, without any compromise of high artistic tone. I would commend the example to our music managers at home, so soon as we shall have time again to think of music; so soon as our distracted country shall have come out from her great struggle, with her free institutions nobly saved, her vigorous system purged for ever from the treacherous poison so long secretly imbibed from contact with a principle as opposite to its own as darkness is to light; and shall enter upon a new era of real liberty and lasting peace, released from all old blind and suicidal pledges to the only alien and weakening element in our grand symphony of states, to slavery, the natural enemy of freedom and of civilisation, the sleepless traitor to the general cause; the curse that clung to all our aspirations; the monster that has been weaving round us a most specious web of "compromises" in the full hope of devouring us! So soon as this good fight shall have been won (as most assuredly it will, since God is just); so soon as the Union shall have saved itself, and shall have guaranteed its own existence by refusing henceforth every guarantee to slavery, beyond that of non-interference (except where it deprives a citizen of his constitutional right to free institutions, free speech, &c., rights for which the Union was made); so soon as peace and plenty shall return again; then certainly will come a great reaction in behalf of art and music, and of all ideal and harmonious pursuits. With the new sense of freedom and of union based upon the solid rock of principle, these things will not be despised as trivial pastimes of the "piping times of peace," but will be more respected and more earnestly pursued than ever, as belonging to that real education of humanity for higher spheres of being, to secure liberty and room for which is just the motive of all patriotic struggles. This day will soon return to us, if we are true—the day when we shall again have leisure for the true ends of our national and social existence. Music, no more than religion, is to be silenced or put out of thought for more than a short day by the din of war. So that it may not be idle, even now, to be holding up good examples and suggesting useful hints to the peace-makers and the peace-improvers, to the educators and the wielders of refining influences, to those who arrange for our natural supplies of art and music when their time comes.

And so, with this little parenthetic burst of patriotism, here endeth the lesson for to-day.

D.

#### MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE performances this week will have been given in the following order:—Monday 21st, *Norma* and the last scene of *Sonnambula*, at Exeter; Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*; Wednesday, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Thursday, *Trovatore*, and Friday, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth; and Saturday, a morning concert at Torquay.

The success of the undertaking seems to increase as it progresses. Mad. Grisi's reception on every occasion is most enthusiastic, a proof, if any were wanting, of how dearly the public prize their favourite, and of the regret that is universally felt at the retirement of the eminent *prima donna*.

The representation of an Italian opera in Exeter was a novelty to the lovers of music in that city, which fact, combined with the

interest excited by the announcement of Mad. Grisi's last appearance, attracted a large audience. The opera was admirably performed in every respect, the band and chorus travelling with the party doing very efficient service under the direction of Signor Vianesi. The expense incurred of moving about such a numerous company as that engaged in the present instance must be considerable, and it is satisfactory to see that the enterprise meets with that support from the public which it so thoroughly deserves. Mlle. Dario, since her auspicious *début* at Bath, has completely confirmed the favourable impression she then made. She has gained confidence upon the stage, and promises to take a prominent position among the *soprani leggiere* of the day. She is invariably encoired in the *Rondo* finale of the *Sonnambula*, which she sings with the refinement and *aplomb* of an accomplished artist. Mlle. Dario is, we believe, of English extraction. She commenced studying singing in Milan, and has lately had the advantage of instruction from Signor Vianeri, to whom is due the honour of having completed her musical education. Signor Cresci having learnt his part in *Don Giovanni*, that opera was given in Bath on Saturday evening, 19th, and repeated, as will be seen above, on Wednesday, in Plymouth. It was thus cast:—Donna Anna, Mad. Grisi; Zerlina, Mad. Lemaire; Donna Elvira, Mlle. Dario; Don Ottavio, Signor Galvani; Don Giovanni, Signor Cresci; Commendatore, Signor Fallar; Leporello, Signor Ciampi; and Masetto, Signor Bellini.

It is needless to recal the beauties of Grisi's impersonation of Donna Anna; they are too well known. Suffice it to say, they were as remarkable as ever—no diminution in their power or charm, whether vocal or dramatic, being in the slightest degree perceptible.

The Don Giovanni of Signor Cresci will bear comparison with that of many of the most successful representatives of the past. He sings the music well, and if there was a lack of "dash and devilment" in his acting, it was, perhaps, more attributable to the evident care he was obliged to take upon these, the two first occasions in which he appeared in the character, than to any deficiency of dramatic talent. Mlle. Dario was charming as Donna Elvira, as correct in her singing and playing Mozart's music as the severest critic could desire. Mad. Lemaire, as usual, was thoroughly artistic as Zerlina; while Signors Galvani, Ciampi and Fallar very materially enhanced the completeness of the performance by the admirable manner in which they impersonated the rôles respectively allotted to them.

Mr. Swift joined the party on Thursday, to take the place of Signor Galvani who proceeds to Dublin. Of Mr. Swift's appearance in *Trovatore* as Manrico we shall have occasion to speak more fully next week.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Mr. G. W. Martin, conductor of the above choral society, on meeting the members of the choir for the first time this season, explained the general plans to be carried out by the officers and members, and gave an interesting account of a project to introduce a greater and more general taste for music among the private soldiers in our various garrisons. The following is the official form in which a circular presented the subject to the choir:—

In addition to the usual performances, your assistance will be solicited at a series of Grand Concerts to be given in Exeter Hall, to the soldiers quartered in London and its vicinity. On these occasions the Hall will be occupied entirely by the officers and soldiers of the different garrisons, no persons being admitted except in full uniform. These performances, instituted with a view of creating an interest in the study of choral music in the army, and of placing within the reach of soldiers a means of musical recreation of an elevating order, will be under the highest patronage both civil and military.

MISS ELLEN CONRAN, a young lady who some six or seven years ago made a favourable *début* as soprano singer in Dublin, is about to make her reappearance in her native city, being engaged to sing with the Grisi party at the Theatre Royal in December. Miss Conran comes directly from Rio Janeiro, where, according to the local journals, she sang with immense success.

MR. WILBYE COOPER has returned to London from the Continent.

## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

ONE of the acts of grace of the season 1862, we are informed, will be the presentation by professionals and amateurs of a memorial to Mr. Costa for his long and eminent services in the cause of music in this country. This coming event—which we feel confident will cast no shadows before—is thus chronicled in the columns of a morning contemporary:—

We announced last week that Mr. Costa would lead the orchestra on the opening day in some music by Meyerbeer, Auber, and Verdi, written specially for the occasion. We are now informed that our great conductor will, during the season of the Exhibition, be presented with a substantial or an elegant testimonial as a mark of appreciation by the profession and by amateurs of his distinguished services to the musical art during his career, which has now extended over 30 years. We are sure that Mr. Costa has in the country so many admirers and so many friends who know how much he has done to popularise music, that the subscriptions to this testimonial will flow in neither slowly nor in too small sums. We are certain that the commissioners would be but too happy to permit the presentation to take place in Kensington among all the wonders of the world; but we think it would be better that the testimonial to Mr. Costa, whatever be the form which it may assume, should be presented either in Exeter Hall or in the Crystal Palace, the scenes of so many of his greatest triumphs. Let it, however, be in the Exhibition year, that the provincials, whom Mr. Costa has, as a conductor, so often delighted, may be able to prove that their satisfaction was neither selfish nor fleeting.

That Mr. Costa has done a good deal for music in this country, and endeavoured to do more, nobody will pretend to gainsay. He was the first, if we mistake not—certainly one of the first—to elevate the office of orchestral conductor into its present importance and to give it its real significance. Anterior to his time, at the opera and in the concert-room, the leader and conductor were merged into one. The first fiddle of the band acted as both, now playing, now directing, as he thought proper, using his bow for a *bâton*. Mr. Costa, a very young man, reformed or helped to reform this singular custom which prevailed time out of mind, and for that alone is entitled to no small consideration. But the reform acts of the Italian *chef-d'orchestre* did not halt with the conductor. He made alterations in the constitution of the band, and in the disposition in the orchestra, which were found to be serious benefits. As a general of an instrumental army, he was allowed to have no superior, if in deed an equal. His method of conducting the power he wielded over his forces, his industry, his energy, his enthusiasm, were almost unparal-

leled. No man, moreover, could claim more respect from artists placed under him, while no director ever looked with greater zeal to their interests and welfare. These were great recommendations and could not be overlooked. Mr. Costa shone especially in directing Italian opera. He had to deal with music of his predilection—with music he thoroughly understood and appreciated. That he was the most accomplished conductor of Italian opera this country has seen may be asserted without fear of contradiction. As director of the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies he was not qualified in the same eminent degree. To one bred and educated in the Italian school of music, and with Italian feelings and tastes, the conducting of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, and the *Israel in Egypt* of Handel, must have presented greater difficulties than *Lucrezia Borgia* or *Norma*. But if not trained and disciplined in the loftiest school of art, Mr. Costa had too keen a perception and too much talent, indeed, not to come through the ordeal with credit, if not triumphantly. He found admirers and supporters in his new calling, and patrons who adhered to him under all circumstances, and accepted all his acts for gospel. Never was reputation earned by harder work and greater perseverance, and the direction of the Birmingham Festivals and the great gatherings at the Crystal Palace followed of course his London fame.

Mr. Costa's position in this country has been an enviable one, and almost unprecedented. As a mere labourer in the art he has been one of the most indefatigable and persevering ever known. For this only, if for nothing else, the celebrated *chef d'orchestre* is entitled to a testimonial; and in giving publicity to the announcement we trust we shall be the means of creating an interest in the undertaking, and swelling the list of subscriptions.

## To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S opera, in four acts, *Die Kinder der Haide* (the Children of the Heath), being on the eve of re-production (Herr Ander willing) at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, you may like to hear a word or two about it. The plot (modelled after Karl Beck's *Janko*) is wrought out somewhat as follows:—

Isbrana, a young gipsy maiden, is in love with the spruce horseherd, Wanja. At the rising of the curtain we perceive her waiting for him. At length he appears, but his look is gloomy and severe. He says he has come for the last time, in order to break off a connection which has long rendered him an object of scorn to his relations and friends. Although thus humbled and repudiated by him, Isbrana, at the risk of her life, informs him that she has overheard the plan of some gipsies to steal his horse, and break into the inn kept by an old man named Conrad. Deeply moved by the noble-mindedness of the poor girl, Wanja once again swears he will ever remain true to her, and then hurries off to frustrate the plans of the gipsy band. With the assistance of numerous herdsmen, called together by his horn, he drives the gipsies out of Conrad's inn, and brings in his arms the fainting Marie, Conrad's daughter, into the open air. The grateful father offers him her hand and half of what he possesses. Wanja is so fascinated by the appearance of the charming girl, that the final group enables us without difficulty to predict a speedy marriage.

The second act commences with festive preparations for Marie's wedding. But the blond German girl is not happy at the prospect; she nourishes in secret an ideal passion for a young nobleman who once honoured her with a few tender words. Scarcely have the young people returned from the church, scarcely has the deeply-injured Isbrana finished the marriage-song she has been compelled to sing them, before Count Wladimir appears in the midst of the marriage guests. Taking advantage of a moment when he is unobserved, he pours a passionate confession into Marie's ear. Wanja, flushed with wine, dares to step menacingly between them, a crime for which he is at once compelled to beg forgiveness on his knees. The Count is not too loath to pardon



him, in order to render the poor fellow helplessly intoxicated and forgetful of Marie.

At the commencement of the third act we see Wanja sleeping on the bare ground in front of his hut. The faithful gipsy girl is watching over him, but, on awaking, he drives her away, and also upbraids her for her significant warnings with regard to the Count. The latter has, meanwhile, sent Marie a letter, making arrangements for an undisturbed interview. A cunning gipsy, named Gregory, is the bearer of the letter, but Isbrana manages to get it away from him, in order to save Wanja from the shame with which he is menaced. Moved, however, by the entreaties of the young bride, she conceals, at the decisive moment, the guilty passage in the letter, and, poor thing, has to hasten away in order to avoid Wanja's whip. Marie has hardly been alone a moment, before the Count appears, and receives from her the avowal that his love is returned. With his arm encircling her waist, he is dragging her, half forcibly, from the spot, when Wanja unexpectedly returns, and rushes wildly on him. The Count draws his sabre, but is disarmed, and falls under Wanja's avenging hand. Then follows the highly exciting scene (faithfully copied from *Janko*) where the murderer, with the bloody weapon still in his hand, presents himself to the crowd, who are transfixed with fear, and says: "Hört und lasst euch sagen; Ich habe den Herrn erschlagen!" ("Listen to what I have to tell you; I have killed our master!") The submissive multitude now pluck up courage, and resolve to avenge the murder of the young noble. They make an attempt to chain Wanja, and deliver him up to the officers of justice, but a signal given by the faithful Isbrana brings the gipsies in the neighbourhood to Wanja's assistance. After a short struggle, they rescue him from the peasants, and carry him off with them triumphantly. This concludes the third act.

In the fourth act we find the horseherd is the leader of his deliverers; he has become a captain of banditti. By Isbrana's side, he rules the brown "Children of the Heath"—the terror of the country people and of travellers. Among the latter, he one day unexpectedly finds some former acquaintances. The gipsies drag in old Conrad with his daughter, who has gone mad. Wanja, struck by remorse, sinks down before Marie, who, however, does not recognise him. By allowing father and daughter to proceed freely on their way, he lashes the gipsies into rebellion against him. Even Isbrana, most deeply wounded by his reviving love for Marie, resolves to be revenged. At a sign from her, Wanja sees himself surrounded and captured by the officers of justice, while Isbrana, horrified at her own deed, commits suicide.

Even from this hasty sketch the reader will guess that the book is planned with skill and poetic feeling; and that, moreover, in the third act, the dramatic interest is wound up to an unusual pitch. But the fourth act tacks on to the preceding acts a conclusion which is as obscure as it is capricious. If the four-act form is, as a rule, the most unfavourable for opera, it becomes nothing less than absolutely ruinous, when the concluding act, which ought to work all the strength and meaning of the opera up to a climax, is flat and tame. That Isbrana, after sacrificing herself in the noblest manner during three acts for her lover, should, in the fourth act, quietly deliver him up to the gendarmes, is as deficient in motive and unpoetical as the reappearance of Marie bereft of her reason, and as Wanja's whole course of proceeding. Even in the first three acts, the dramatic motives, properly so called, are not especially abundant or novel; but they combine naturally and with skilfully graduated effect with each other, crystallising into happily conceived and genuine musical situations. The great charm of Beck's *Janko*—that lyrico-epic poem, glowing with rich colour—most certainly does not consist in the impetuous power of the events depicted.

Though too scanty for a drama, the subject seemed in many ways well adapted for an opera, since the latter, like the epic poem, requires a calm extension of representable reality. Mosenthal—whom, to all intents and purposes, we may consider to be the author of the first three acts—has seen the matter in its proper light, and, by the unmistakeable contrast between the four principal characters, the touches of nationality in his portrayal of gipsy life, the scene of the marriage festivities, &c., played admirably into the composer's hands. The real hero of the piece is Isbrana;

the original titular hero, Wanja, is of far less importance. This personage confuses us by his continuous vacillation between Isbrana and Marie, and shocks us by the Slavonic brutality with which he first throws himself on the ground before the nobleman, and then raises his whip against the defenceless gipsy maiden. Without doubt this is a genuine Russian trait, but in the ideal sphere to which opera belongs, and must belong, in so far as it does not admit of a detailed exposition of dramatic motives, such a trait has a repulsive effect. Count Wladimir ought to have taken a somewhat more prominent part in the action; he would then have produced the effect of a common-place stage figure less than he now does. The two female characters, on the other hand, are happily hit off, and by the contrast between them, afford a fine field for musical treatment.

The libretto of *Die Kinder der Heide* exhibits one negative merit, which does credit to the composer as well as the author, namely, that it never aims at mere outward show. We all know how librettos are manufactured now-a-days. The first things taken into consideration are the costumes, scenery, processions, &c.; the author selects knightly or oriental costumes, dazzling equipments, and magnificent robes. After all this display in the way of dress, the attention of the composer is turned to the most popular musical forms—such, for instance, as the march, the drinking-song, and the prayer. The action, properly so called, is something quite secondary, and is cut out, like a garment, to fit these more important requirements. There is, however, almost nothing of this kind in the book of the *Children of the Heath*, which invariably displays an endeavour to exhibit dramatic character and action. It can only be regretted that Herr Rubinstein, influenced partly by his own opinion, and partly by that of various officious individuals, should have made some highly inappropriate alterations in the original story of *Janko*. At first, he actually wanted to transport the action, which is laid in Hungary, to—Mexico! When the author pointed out to him, however, the impracticability of granting his desire, he agreed at last to lay the scene in the south of Russia, where he felt most at home. Rubinstein appears to have been ignorant—nay, not to have entertained the slightest presentiment—of his strongest point, to which his music will owe its greatest and best merited success. This point is its nationality, of which, however, more in another letter. H. H.

Vienna, Oct. 21.

#### EXETER HALL.

THESE spacious old head-quarters of Oratorio were in all their glory again last Tuesday evening. More full of light and life, and thrilling resonance, they never were. An audience of the best kind, as numerous as the place can hold, were drawn there by the threefold interest of charity: of hearing Jenny Lind sing once more, after five years of resolute retirement in domestic life; and of hearing that great work—perhaps the most welcome of all oratorios next to the *Messiah*—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, done so conscientiously and so inspiringly as it surely would be under her auspices, she sustaining all the leading soprano parts, and Sims Reeves (for the first time cooperating with her) all the tenor, with worthy associates in the other solos, with a thoroughly drilled choir and orchestra, on the scale of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and with her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, for conductor, and the accomplished organist of the Temple Church, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, to play the organ accompaniments. Here was an appeal to love of music and humanity quite irresistible; and it is no wonder

that for some days before the concert there were no seats to be had for love or money. The sum raised must have been a solid furtherance to the philanthropic work of the Rev. Mr. Douglas—enough to “tide over” many of the difficulties he has had to encounter in his efforts to improve the spiritual, social, and material condition of the dense population of the district lying around the Victoria Docks, or “London over the Border.” It was simply characteristic of the great singer to signalize the opening of a new career of her artistic triumphs by a splendid gift to society, setting apart the entire first-fruits thereof for the good of her fellow beings. Such good deeds require no appreciation here; our business is with the musical event as such.

It is understood that this performance of *Elijah* is the grand prelude to a series of performances which Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt as director, and with Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, &c., as her principal assistants, proposes to give in Liverpool, Manchester, and other great towns. Such a reappearance, after such long silence, of course excites great joy and curiosity. There may have been some doubts, some fears, too, whether the great singer would be found the same; whether that wonderful voice had not lost much of its charm. But these, we may safely say, were happily dispelled on Tuesday night. The great soprano of our day is as supreme as ever; as full of penetrating power and beauty; the clearest, purest, truest, largest, and most musical of all high voices. Possibly, the delivery of it costs somewhat more effort than in former years; but it is not painfully visible, and the effect is smooth, spontaneous, expressive art. As first heard, in the double quartet, “He shall give his angels charge,” it soared above all, with a triumphant fervour that seemed to carry the whole up with it, and lend a clear seraphic temper to the harmony, as Mendelssohn intended. Never were those highest phrases touched so satisfactorily—so proudly lit upon—not struggled up to. And she was well supported in the other parts, including as they did Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer, &c. &c.

In the scene of the widow, “What have I to do with thee?” her delivery was the perfection of dramatic pathos. Here you felt one, perhaps the central secret of the singer’s power, which is her earnestness. She sings with her whole soul, and with determination to convey the whole reach and meaning of each phrase of text and music in her tones. Still more powerfully was this felt in her great song, “Hear ye, Israel,” followed by “Thus saith the Lord,” and “Be not afraid.” Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than the first sentence; nothing more grandly declaratory than the last. This is just the music for Jenny Lind; one can readily believe that Mendelssohn wrote it for her. But perhaps here is the fittest place to suggest the only question that occurred to us as to the otherwise faultless perfection of her singing. Was it not perhaps too uniformly excellent? that is to say, too uniformly earnest—always strained up to the full bent of expression—every phrase and every note charged to its full capacity—all, as it were, emphasized, so that you needed some repose, some level places to recover in? But nothing of this sort could one feel in the succeeding pieces. In the angel trio, “Lift thine eyes” (sung to perfection with Miss Cole and Miss Palmer, and encored enthusiastically); in the angel’s message to Elijah, “Arise now! get thee without;” above all, in that crystal clear, ethereal quartet, “Holy, holy” (with Miss Cole, Miss Palmer, Miss Eyles, and chorus); in the recitative, “Behold, God hath sent Elijah;” and in the exquisite quartet, “O come, every one that thirsteth” (with Miss Palmer,

Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Lawler), her voice was the impersonation of that high seraphic temper, that worshipping, Miltonic ardour, that sympathy as from above—purified, not passionless, which the situations and the words suggest, and which so truly inspired the composer. Perhaps *tenderness*, in the common sense of the term, is not so remarkable among the native graces of the Lind voice or art as some others. Yet no one sings with more feeling. Her noblest manifestation is, however, in a piece like “Holy, holy.” Was ever *Sanctus* so sustained and grand! That high voice sounded like one that had led in the angelic choirs, with still increasing joy and fervour, since the stars first sang together.

Mr. Sims Reeves, as we have said, sang all the tenor solos; and every reader will know what we mean when we say that he sang his best. Indeed, in his two great airs—“If with all your hearts,” and “Then shall the righteous shine,”—he fairly shared the first honours of the evening. In the recitatives, too, he maintained his consummate mastery, as in song. And what could one want more to have coupled with the Lind voice in those beautiful quartets than the voice of Sims Reeves? Only the warm, rich, large contralto of Miss Palmer, who also surpassed herself that evening. There was a fine purity of style, a simple, unaffected fervour in all that lady’s singing. She has a comforting quality of voice, that suits that particular angel who bore messages to Elijah; and she seemed steeped in the music, even when she was not singing, or only joined unconsciously in the chorus. In “O rest in the Lord,” she was most heartily and deservedly encored. In the denunciations of Jezebel she showed a dramatic energy which we had hardly expected. The silvery high soprano of Miss Cole was admirably suited to the part of the boy sent out to look for rain; and she did good service: as did also Miss Eyles, contralto, in concerted pieces. The same must be said of Mr. Lawler, bass, and Mr. Cummings.

Mr. Weiss sustained the difficult and all-important part, which he had made his own, that of Elijah, with great power and dignity, and like a thoroughly artistic singer. We might particularise many fine points; but what need when all was admirable and worthy of the occasion. Orchestra and choir were all that one could wish, entering into the work with a will, and marring or obscuring none of the beauties of this magnificent composition under the firm, intelligent baton of Mr. Goldschmidt, who at once took a high position thereby among good conductors.

There was no instance in which one could find fault even with a *tempo*, unless it were that the “Blessed” chorus was taken up a little faster than the instruments could play with ease. On the whole it was a triumphant, and will remain a memorable performance of *Elijah*. J. S. D.

[The above very interesting report, forming part of a letter addressed by the writer to *Dwight’s Boston Journal of Music*, will, we are sure, be as acceptable to the readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD* as any editorial notice of Mad. Goldschmidt’s concert that could by any possibility be furnished.—Ed. M. W.]

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—These admirable and now firmly established entertainments commence (for the fourth season), on Monday, April 18th, at St. James’s Hall. M. Vieuxtemps is re-engaged by Mr. Arthur Chappell, and will appear at the first concert. Mr. Charles Hallé is to be the pianist.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Herr Auguste Manns will recommence his interesting Winter Saturday Concerts on the 2nd of November, with a classical programme.

**DEURY LANE THEATRE.**—Mr. E. T. Smith re-opens on Monday, with Mr. Gustavus G. Brooke, and a new Australian actress, as the attractions.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THIS Theatre commenced proceedings on Thursday night, in a manner which promises well for the season to come. A new Opera was produced—Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas*—with triumphant success. Our own report must be deferred until next week. Meanwhile we append notices from two of the principal morning papers.

(From the Daily News.)

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have made a good beginning of their winter campaign. No theatrical managers have ever deserved success more than they have done. They have from first to last laboured most conscientiously in doing their duty to the public; and the public, in requital, owe them every encouragement and support. Their present company is even stronger than it has hitherto been; they have made an ample and varied provision of new works by our most distinguished composers to be produced in the course of the season. Their chorus and orchestra are superior to any thing we have ever heard in an English theatre; they have provided all the means of giving splendour and magnificence to their performance; and in Mr. Alfred Mellon they have a musical director whose ability and energy are not to be surpassed.

The theatre opened with Mr. Howard Glover's new opera *Ruy Blas*. Much was expected from this work, and no disappointment has ensued. On the contrary, it was performed to an audience who crowded the theatre to the doors, and from whom it met with an enthusiastic reception. Its success, indeed, has been triumphant, and such as will give it a permanent place among our standard English operas. No account of the drama is necessary. It is Victor Hugo's famous romantic tragedy, translated, scene for scene, from the original, with no other alterations than such as are requisite to give it the lyrical form. The libretto is by Mr. Glover himself. It is exceedingly well written, and such as might be expected from the pen of a gentleman who has a literary as well as a musical reputation. If we have any fault to find with it, we may say, perhaps, that the original piece is too closely followed, the dialogue not having always undergone that condensation which is desirable in the process of turning a play into an opera. Hence, as it appeared to us, some of the scenes, both of spoken dialogue and concerted music, were somewhat verbose, and moved heavily. A little improvement in this respect might be made; and we have no doubt it would give, in some places, greater concentration and spirit to the action of the drama. The subject is a very happy one, and we wonder that it has not before now been brought on the opera stage. The original play, though deeply tragic, is more in the style of melodrama than of regular tragedy. Its whole construction is melodramatic, and its situations and incidents constantly suggest musical treatment. Mr. Glover has found them rich in the materials of expression and effect; and the musical ideas suggested by them are not only striking and beautiful in themselves, but always in perfect accordance with dramatic truth. We can, at this time, only mention a few passages which seemed to make the greatest impression.

The opening scene of the *fête* in honour of the King's birthday is a most happy mixture of brilliant music, gay spectacle, pretty dances, and lively action. It prepared the audience for being amused and excited by what was to follow. The first of the *dramatis persone* who appeared was Don Sallust, personated by Mr. Santley, who was received with the honour due to so excellent a performer. His air, "My heart with rage is swelling," was greatly applauded. When Mr. Harrison appeared shortly afterwards, he was greeted with acclamations from all parts of the house. He performed the part of the hero, which he sustained most admirably, showing the powers of a great tragedian as well as of a great singer. His ballad, "Beside her lattice every night," a charming melody (the theme of which we had already heard in the overture), created a great sensation. It was loudly applauded and encored, but though the call was persisted in, it was not responded to. We afterwards found, to our satisfaction, that both Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne had adopted the resolution to decline all *encores*; a resolution which we hope they will have the firmness to adhere to, and thus contribute to do away with a senseless practice which has become an absolute nuisance.

The duet between Don Sallust and Don Cesar de Bazan (Mr. Santley and Mr. St. Albyn) is dramatic, and was delivered with much spirit, but it is too long, being too full of words. In the scene which opens the second act there is an exceedingly pretty part-song for female voices, "We have wandered through the gardens," which had a most pleasing effect, and ought to become popular wherever part-singers "do congregate." Miss Louisa Pyne now made her first appearance, in the character of the Queen. She was exquisitely attired, and looked both charming and queenlike. The sight of her produced a tumult of enthusiasm in the house, which was heightened by the manner in which she warbled her delightful ballad, "A trusty heart in sorrow's need," which, though applauded loud and long, was not repeated. In the same scene there was a playful trio, "Beauteous lady," sung by Miss Thirlwall as Casilda, Miss Jessie McLean (a most promising *débütante*) as the Page Oscar, and Miss Susan Pyne as the antiquated Duchess of Albuquerque, the Queen's duenna—very comic and clever, and admirably sung. Casilda's subsequent air, "Tis sweet to roam," a little Spanish ditty, redolent of Andalusia, enabled Miss Thirlwall to appear to great advantage; and Miss Susan Pyne was equally happy in a lively song, "Where a husband's eye must fail," which she sang with great spirit and quaintness. But our time and space admonish us that we must, for the present at least, pass over many things well worthy of special notice. We must, however, mention Miss Louisa Pyne's air, "Why then for such loving care," a rondo in the bravura style, full of rapid passages in the highest regions of the scale, which she sang with that bird-like clearness, brilliancy, and ease, of which she alone is capable. The house rang with applause, after its conclusion, for several minutes. We can only further mention the last act, which (unlike the last acts of many operas) is the best and most effective portion of the work. The acting of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, in the scene of the terrible catastrophe, was above all praise; and the music of all this act is full of beauties of the highest order.

The whole performance was admirable. Miss Susan Pyne's truly artistic personation of the pompous Duenna was genuine comedy joined to clever and musicianlike singing. Miss Thirlwall maintained the character she gained last year; and Miss Jessie McLean (a young American, we understand) showed that she will prove a valuable member of the company. When the curtain fell there was the usual ovation which attends a successful performance. After the principal performers had appeared before the curtain the author was loudly called for, and on presenting himself was greeted with the warm and unanimous plaudits which he so well deserved.

(From the Times.)

A very few lines must suffice at present to chronicle the reopening of this national establishment last night, in presence of a crowded audience, with an original grand work in four acts, from the pen of an English composer. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could not have commenced their "season" more auspiciously. The new opera achieved a brilliant and well-merited success, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon its composer, who was unanimously called for at the end, after the principal singers had been summoned, was a spontaneous tribute on the part of those who had experienced such hearty gratification from his music. Although the only dramatic composition of his which had been previously represented on the London boards was an operetta called *Aminta*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre a good many years since, Mr. Howard Glover has long held a conspicuous place in the ranks of English musicians, and by musical amateurs is popularly recognized as the author of *Tam O'Shanter*, one of the most characteristic works of its class ever written for the concert-room. His new opera, the book of which, prepared by himself, derives its materials from Hugo's celebrated play of *Ruy Blas*, is a more ambitious effort than any that has yet proceeded from his pen; and it is only just to add that increase of endeavour has been accompanied by a proportionate amount of success. But of the merits of *Ruy Blas*, libretto and music, we must defer speaking till a more convenient opportunity. Enough just now to say that it is placed upon the stage with that completeness in every department for which the Royal English Opera has earned honourable distinction; that the cast comprises the strength of the com-



pany; and that the orchestra and chorus, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—who seldom fails to secure by indefatigable zeal and talent an eminently satisfactory “first performance,” and has maintained his reputation on the present occasion—exhibit all their well-known efficiency. The character of *Ruy Blas* falls to Mr. Harrison, that of the Queen of Spain to Miss Louisa Pyne, and that of Don Sallust to Mr. Santley (whose return to the Royal English Opera is a manifest gain to its interests); while the subordinate parts are in the hands of Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Patey, and Miss Jessie McLean, a young and highly promising *débutante*, for whom a personage has been invented, something akin to the page in the *Huguenots*, *Gustave*, or the *Ballo in Maschera*, wholly foreign to the drama of M. Hugo. The performance did not terminate till a late hour; but the good sense of the principal singers in respectfully declining “encores” prevented the slightest feeling of tedium among the audience, who consequently remained, with scarcely a single exception, until the last note of the opera. As there were a great many songs, all more or less attractive, and some eminently beautiful, had “encores” been accepted, the fall of the curtain might have been postponed till considerably past midnight. In the instance of two ballads, nevertheless, “A sympathizing heart” (Act ii.), and “Could life’s dark scene be changed for me” (Act iii.), both sung to the utmost degree of perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, and the last especially, one of the most expressive and unhackneyed compositions of its class that we remember, the sensation created was so remarkable, and the demand for repetition so thoroughly genuine and unanimous, that the stringent regulation now for the first time adopted at this theatre of resisting such demands on the part of the audience, was regarded—not altogether unreasonably, perhaps—as somewhat of a hardship.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, Mr. Henry Haigh (tenor), and Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solos. *Ruy Blas* is to be repeated, as a matter of course, this evening.

### Provincial.

MUSIC is beginning to be heard again at Manchester. Mr. Hallé has begun his new campaign. Of his first grand concert the *Manchester Guardian* writes as follows:—

“The first of Mr. Hallé’s projected series of twenty concerts took place at the Free-trade Hall last night, and attracted a very large audience. The reception given to the talented *maestro*, on his stepping upon the platform, was enthusiastic, amounting, indeed, to an ovation. This concert was the first of the twelve miscellaneous ones, intended to form part of the series (the remaining eight being choral); in which twelve Mr. Hallé intends to rely mainly upon his band, his own pianoforte performances, and solos and concerted pieces by the *élite* of the band; the vocal element, which is intended to be represented by the highest available talent, in each case varying the programmes, and relieving the instrumentalists. The band is thus a most important feature in the concerts, and we understand that neither pains nor expense have been spared to make it efficient in every department. It consists, as we have already stated, of sixty-five instruments, of which forty-two are strings, the remainder being wind instruments and instruments of percussion; thus forming a force which, in a room so admirably adapted for sound as the Free-trade Hall, is amply sufficient for the production of the greatest orchestral effects; and in order to secure beauty of tone and proportion amongst its different sections, care has been taken to fill the leading posts with artists of ability and experience. The twelve first violins are headed by Mr. C. A. Seymour, whose name, not to mention the other eleven, who are all excellent players, is a guarantee that this all-important section of the band will be efficiently represented. At the head of the twelve second violins is Mr. L. Goodwin; M. Baetens leads the six tenors; M. Vieuxtemps, an orchestral player of the highest rank, is chief of the six violoncellos; and Mr. Wand, equal to any three ordinary players, is foremost amongst the double basses. The efficiency of the wind instruments is secured by the following well-known names, who figure as principals of their respective instruments—namely, Mr. De Jong (flute), Mons. Lavigne and Mr. Jennings (oboes), the former being perhaps the best player of the day; Herr Grosse (clarinet), Signor Raspi (bassoon), Herr Grieben and Mr. L. Edwards (horns, with two

others); Mr. Richardson (trumpet), Mr. R. Richardson (cornet), Mr. W. Philipps (trombone, with two others), and Signor Medina (ophicleide). Two experienced players, Mr. Yardley and Mr. Batley, are at the drums, Mr. Lockwood is the harpist, and Mr. Holt occupies the by no means unimportant post of librarian. Weber’s magnificent overture to *Der Freischütz*, which opened the concert, tested at once both the power and quality of the band; the effect of the mass of strings being rich, solid, and sonorous, tempering the power of the wind instruments, which are all in every way admirable. The overture was played throughout with great precision and effect; and, if any special praise is due, it is to the horns and the clarinet, which were excellent. The brilliant *Guillaume Tell* was given with so much fire and precision as to call for a demand for a repetition, which Mr. Hallé unhesitatingly complied with so far as to repeat the latter part. The great instrumental piece of the evening was, however, Mendelssohn’s Symphony, with its rich and varied poetic colouring. This, infinitely more difficult than the overtures, was the real touchstone for the band. They were, however, thoroughly up to the mark, both strings and wind, and gave a performance of the symphony that left nothing whatever to be desired. The march from *Tannhäuser*, one of the clearest and best we have heard of the school to which it belongs, completed the band performances. We believe it was the general opinion that the present band surpassed any that Mr. Hallé has hitherto organised; and much gratification may be expected from the numerous orchestral works that are to be produced in the course of the season. Of Mr. Hallé’s own performances it is difficult to speak. He is so uniformly excellent in everything that he does, and playing every style with the same facility, from the mighty and profound Beethoven to the light and graceful bagatelles of the day, that criticism has nothing to do but to record its admiration. The brilliant *Concertstück* was never better rendered, nor Thalberg’s popular “Home, sweet home.” The latter elicited immense applause, which Mr. Hallé acknowledged by performing one of Stephen Heller’s tarantellas. A solo of Mr. Lavigne was an admirable performance. In the hands of this accomplished player the oboe becomes, what it has rarely ever been before, a pleasing solo instrument. Mr. Lavigne appears to have immense command over it, developing its powers of expression, however, rather than displaying much executive dexterity, though in this he is evidently a master. The vocal performances of Mlle. Parepa were in every way worthy to be combined with the instrumental. In Auber’s grand aria from *Le Serment*, in the air from *Queen Topaze*, and in the “Il bacio” of Signor Arditi, her vocalisation was really superb, and apparently feeling how admirably she was sustained by the band, she gave open rein, and fairly revelled in the exhibition of vocal power, finished and perfect in the highest degree. She also sang “I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.”

Our own correspondent at LEEDS sends us the following:—“At the popular concert in the Town Hall, last Saturday, “Spring” and “Summer,” from Haydn’s *Seasons*, were performed. Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Brandon, and the Choral Society being the vocalists. The accompaniments were played by Dr. Spark on the organ, and Mr. Burton conducted.

The eleventh annual general meeting of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society was held in St. George’s school-room, on Wednesday evening. Mr. J. W. Atkinson, Vice-President, occupied the chair. There were between seventy and eighty members present. The committee, in their report, congratulated the society on its prosperous condition, the number of members on the books being about 140. Dr. Spark’s resignation as conductor was alluded to with regret; but in his successor, Mr. Bowling, the committee had found a gentleman of energy and talent, and one who was determined to do all in his power to maintain the prestige of the society. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected on the committee for the ensuing year:—Messrs. J. W. Atkinson, J. Bowling, J. Burras, J. D. Fowell, M. Hall, W. H. Johnson, Josh. Rider, Fred. Spark, C. Wardell, C. Wurtzburg, J. H. Walker, and A. Williamson. Mr. Bowling was re-elected conductor, and Mr. Fowell as honorary secretary and treasurer. A rehearsal of Bennett’s *May Queen* occupied the remainder of the evening.

From the *Worcester Journal* we learn that Mr. Haynes gave a concert on Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst., at Haynes’s Concert Rooms, MALVERN. The room was filled with the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood. The artists were Mrs. Haynes, Mad. Sinton-Dolby, Miss M. Moss, and Mr. G. Perren, vocalists; M. Sinton, with M. Pague and M. Ritter (pianoforte), instrumentalists. The duet, “Dolce Conforto,” was charmingly sung by

Mrs. Haynes and Mad. Dolby, their voices blended together extremely well. Mrs. Haynes sang Rossini's aria "Di pincer," with refinement and true artistic feeling, and received from the audience vociferous applause.

From the *Dublin Evening Packet* we glean the subjoined:—

"Mr. H. St. Leger, a well-known musical amateur, yesterday invited several professors and lovers of music to hear some pianoforte works and new songs, in one of the saloons of Bussell's pianoforte warehouses. Among those who performed, Miss Flynn and Mr. Theodore Logier claim special notice. On playing the fine duet, composed by Moscheles for two grand pianos, called *Homage to Handel*, the applause was so great that they were obliged to repeat the piece, which they did with increased effect. Miss Flynn then charmed her audience with several solos by Chopin, Mendelssohn, Gottschalk, Mayer, &c., which she performed with exquisite taste and brilliant execution. Mrs. Lumsden and several amateurs then sang some of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger's new songs, including 'The angel mother,' 'You still may trust me,' 'Somebody is waiting for me.' We were much pleased with the two new songs composed by Mrs. St. Leger for the occasion, called 'The Colleen Bawn,' and 'Dew is gemming flower and spray.' The *matinée* was concluded by Mr. Theodore Logier performing several solos on the piano by Chopin, Liszt, &c. We were particularly struck with *Rigoletto* by the last-mentioned composer, and a prayer and march composed by Mrs. St. Leger expressly for the band of the 60th Rifles."

An occasional correspondent gives us the following account of musical and theatrical doings in the Irish capital:—

Claremont, Howth.

DEAR WORLD,—The weather continuing very fine, and my friends not willing to let me return to the gay metropolis; here I am still. The Italian *troupe* is gone, the last night of the Opera was most brilliant, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was performed, and all the best pieces encored most rapturously. Tietjens, Giuglini, Delle Sedie, Lemaire, &c., were called before the curtain after each act, and at the conclusion of the opera the stage appeared like a flower garden, the number of bouquets was so great. Great praise is due to Mr. Levey, the leader of the orchestra, not only for his energy on all occasions when novelties are produced at the Royal Theatre, but for his steady leading and admirable execution on the violin. His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, and a large party were present, and his Excellency (who is well known as a great lover of music) applauded the principal singers frequently and warmly. Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke appeared on Monday. He has been in Australia for seven years. The part he chose was *Othello*, which he performed with his accustomed ability. He has since appeared in the *Hunchback*, and in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. His acting in the latter produced an effect that never will be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Theodore Logier, son of the celebrated contrapuntist, who wrote the Logierian system, is here; he is going to play for me to-day some of Alkan's new pieces. In my next I will tell you my opinion of his playing. I was at the exhibition here on Monday night, and heard the band of the rifle brigade; it is first rate, the cornet-a-pistons player is a stunner.

P.S.—Our *matinée musicale* is just over; Mr. Theodore Logier having played to some of the most enthusiastic musical amateurs I ever met. Each piece was given in first-rate style, and received with acclamations of the highest favour. The selection comprised *Rigoletto*, by Liszt; Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111; *Vaghezza*, by Alkan; *Troisième Ballade*, by Chopin; *Waltz in A flat*, by Chopin; "La Jeunesse dorée," by Egghard; and the *Sonata Pathétique*. Mrs. Emily Lumsden (late Miss Serle) varied the entertainment most agreeably by singing in a manner that called forth repeated plaudits, "Birds blithely singing," by Lindblad; "The Guardian Angels," by Kücken; "When I was young," from Chappell's old English ballads; "The Angel Mother," by Mrs. St. Leger; and "The Rhine Maiden," by H. Smart. Two amateurs, Mr. Edmund M'Dernott and Mr. Ward also gave compositions of their own; but I can't tell you the names of their songs.

FANATIC.

ROSEMARY BRANCH, PECKHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Howard Herring, organist of St. Mary's, Peckham, gave his annual concert at these rooms on Monday, Oct. 21; and, to judge from the number of visitors, we should say the result must have been very satisfactory. The room was crowded to excess, even the passages being occupied by the audience. The artists were Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Palmer Lisle, Mr. G. Tedder, Mr. Charles Fabian, Mr. G. T. Smith, Mr. H. Buckland, Mr. Becket, Master Tolkien, and Mad. Loder. Among the best pieces may be mentioned "I'm a roamer," sung by Mr. Smith, and deservedly encored; and Mr. G. Tedder's rendering of a

new song, "Be true," composed by Mr. Herring, which also obtained a genuine encore. Mr. Charles Fabian, who possesses a voice of good quality, sang Balfé's very popular "Fresh as a rose," with true expression. In his next song, "Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee," being encored, he substituted M. Ascher's new song of "Alice, where art thou?" which delighted the audience. Miss Palmer Lisle obtained an encore in "I waited till the twilight," but contented herself by bowing her acknowledgments. The concerted pieces, especially "The last Rose of Summer," by Mr. H. Herring, Master Tolkien, Mr. Becket, and Mr. Buckland, were extremely well given. An apology was made for Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who, though suffering from a severe cold, was not absent from her post. The concert concluded with some pieces by the so-called "Kentucky minstrels."

ORGAN PERFORMANCE AT BRUNSWICK CHAPEL.—Last week (on Friday night) Mr. Albert Lowe, before a select audience, performed the subjoined list of pieces with his accustomed ability and success:—

PART I.—(A) Andante con moto, (B) Allegro non troppo, Mendelssohn; Gloria (1st Mass), Haydn; Agnus Dei (1st Mass), Mozart; Total Eclipse (*Samson*), Handel; "In a gondola," Mendelssohn; Prelude and Fugue (G minor) Bach; March (*Eli*), Costa.

PART II.—Prelude (B flat), Rink; Selection, Bellini; (A) Benedictus, (B) Gloria (12th Mass), Mozart; "O thou that tellest" (*Messiah*), Handel; "Be not afraid" (*Elijah*), Mendelssohn; "The marvellous works" (*Creation*), Haydn; Selection, Rossini.

PORTLAND, UNITED STATES.—A musical entertainment whose almost sole attraction is the performance upon the church organ, is somewhat of a novelty in Portland. The full powers of this noblest and most imposing of musical instruments are seldom revealed to our concert-going public. We listen to the organ as playing a subordinate part in divine service, without always remembering that it is an instrument requiring the highest powers to call forth its finest effects. To many, we doubt not, the performance of Mr. Paine afforded a new revelation of the majesty of tone and grandeur of effect which the skilful musician may call forth from the organ. He certainly exhibited remarkable skill in the handling of the instrument, as well as complete knowledge of the most difficult compositions. The result of his years of study abroad was quite apparent. The clever boy who went forth from among us has returned a thoroughly educated and accomplished musician. We are no musical critic, and cannot speak of this performance in the terms most befitting it, but we know that persons whose musical knowledge entitles their opinions to respect, declare that nothing like it was ever before heard in this city. As the principal attractions of his programme Mr. Paine chose several of the works of the great master, John Sebastian Bach. He has evidently made the works of this great musical genius a subject of close study, and the fact that he has attained to a knowledge and full appreciation of their marvellous invention, extraordinary power, and science is the best evidence of his own advanced position as a musician. The Prelude and Fugue in A minor, was played on the full organ throughout. It is a most elaborate composition, yet moving with the most perfect harmony. The manner in which the pedal movement came in was exceedingly neat, and won the applause of the highly cultivated and fashionable audience. The Trio Sonata in E flat, also by Bach, was well chosen to follow the Prelude, its soft and vivacious movement contrasting finely with the solemn grandeur of the first piece. The pedal performance here was quite extraordinary, the feet being continually employed. The solemn "Agnus Dei" was sung by Miss Cammett and Messrs. Dennett and Thurston with fine effect. These performers always do justice to whatever they undertake. In the variations and the Austrian National Hymn, and the Star Spangled Banner, our young townsman displayed his powers as a composer in a highly creditable manner—especially in the former piece. In the latter variations a passage occurred which is played by the feet alone. Mr. Paine must take high rank as an organist, and we congratulate our citizens upon having among their number one whose example must do much to elevate the standard musical education among us.—*Portland Transcript*.

F. W. HAMMOND, GENERAL MANAGER.

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